UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Liberty Is Not Dead

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Only Way with the Liquor Traffic

By WALTER WALSH

The Community Church Movement Arrives

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapters XXXVII and XXXVIII

By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

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Editors:

John Haynes Holmes — Francis Neilson
Curtis W. Reese — Louis L. Mann

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CI | MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1928 | NUMBER 14

Special Announcement

Leo Tolstoy, the greatest moral personality of the 19th century, and one of the supreme spiritual idealists of all time, was born one hundred years ago on September 9 (August 28, O. S.) next. In celebration of this centennial anniversary, UNITY will publish as a special instalment feature during the summer months an important drama in seven scenes, entitled "Tolstoy," by an American author, Mr. Henry Bailey Stevens. Tributes to this drama have been paid by the following well-known persons, as follows:

Jane Addams: "I am sending the play back with an assurance of my genuine admiration. The conflict, the situation, the burning words grip me as they have always done, and I am very grateful to you for making them such a clear and well sustained drama. Will you let me know when it is published? I would like to have it done at Hull House."

Aylmer Maude (the English biographer of Tolstoy): "I am surprised and pleased that you have been able to give so good an impression of Tolstoy's general attitude towards his family and the outside world."

Nathan Haskell Dole (the American biographer of Tolstoy): "I think you have made a convincing drama out of the Tolstoy menage."

Alice Stone Blackwell: " 'Tolstoy' is a wonderful play. I have never cared much for Tolstoy's writings,—which is probably to my discredit—that is, I have admired them, but not enjoyed them. But nobody could help loving the man as you have depicted him. The play is both beautiful and courageous. It would translate well into a variety of languages."

Vida Scudder: "I have enjoyed the play very much. It is a chronicle play, and to me, at least, quite as moving as Drinkwater's 'Lincoln.' I doubt if it would be acted,—the drama is so interior—but surely there is no story so moving in the modern world."

Publication of this play will begin in the issue of UNITY for June 18, and will run through the summer to the anniversary date.

The issue of UNITY for September 10 will be a special "Tolstoy Anniversary Number." Interesting contributions already secured or promised are a message on Tolstoy from Mahatma Gandhi; a special feature article by Romain Rolland, entitled "The Response of Asia to Tolstoy"; articles by Stefan Zweig, of Austria, Aylmer Maude, the English biographer of Tolstoy and the Editor of the new Centennial Edition of Tolstoy's works, and Nathan Haskell Dole, the American biographer of Tolstoy and translater of "Anna Karenina" and other Tolstoy novels; an editorial in memory of Tolstoy, by Mr. Holmes; a symposium of tributes to the great Russian by various distinguished contemporaries; poems, notes, and other features. It is hoped that this special issue of UNITY will maintain the high precedent and prestige of earlier Special Numbers such as those in memory of E. D. Morel and Thomas Huxley.

The Editors.

No greater victory, more heavily freighted with significance for the future, has been won in this country for years than that achieved by the passage of the law keeping Muscle Shoals in the permanent possession of the government of the United States. Let there be no doubt about the question—this is a straight-out triumph for the policy of *public ownership and operation of natural resources,* incalculably important in itself, of momentous consequence for the future destiny of the Republic. It is not too much to say that, with this question settled in favor of public as over against private interests, a new era begins in the history of the nation. Such a victory, following hard upon the return of the Elk Hill and Teapot Dome oil reserves to the government, shows one thing—that the day has passed forever when coal, oil, minerals, forests, water-power are passed over to private individuals for wasteful exploitation in terms of enormous private profits. Henceforth these resources are going to belong *to* the people, to be used *by* the people, for the benefit *of* the people. In other words, we are getting civilized, and at last setting ourselves to the business of establishing a real democracy. The power companies saw this from the start, and fought a battle for Muscle Shoals of unprecedented ferocity. That they were not victorious is due primarily to one man—Senator George W. Norris. Year after year, session after session, he stood in the last ditch and beat back the invaders of the public weal. Three years ago he won over a reluctant Senate; this year, he subdued a recalcitrant House. By sheer mastery of his subject, dauntless courage, and unwearying determination, he gained his end. All honor to this great and noble public servant!

The one hundredth anniversary (May 8th) of the birth of Jean Henri Dumant, creator of the Red Cross

idea, winner of the first Nobel Peace Prize, was observed with amazing quietude, at least in this country. Is it that the American Red Cross does not want us to remember this noble man, lest we discover how far it has fallen from the august and all-inclusive ideals which were the motive power of his life? Dumant was at Solferino, one of the most "glorious" of history's unnecessary battles. There was no imaginable reason why French, Italians and Austrians should fight. But they did—with almost unparalleled bloodshed and horror. When Dumant, a mere tourist caught in the area of conflict, looked upon the reeking field after the armies had passed, he was moved to instant action. He gathered together the peasants of the countryside, and led them in caring for enemies and friends. *"Tutti fratelli"* (all are brothers), was his word, as he saw them passing the alien uniforms. He drove all night to Marshal MacMahon, and secured the release for medical service of Austrian doctors who had been taken prisoners. Nothing like this had been done before. In 1862, Dumant published his famous book, *"Un Souvenir de Solferino,"* and released upon the world the challenge, "Would it not be possible to establish in every country of Europe, Aid Societies, whose aim would be to provide, during war, volunteer nurses for the wounded, *without distinction of nationality.*" In 1864, the International Red Cross was organized at Geneva. What has happened to it in these later years? Why did it falter in the World War in making distinction against Germans? Why did it ignore Russia after the Soviets came into power? Why has the American Red Cross refused to help Nicaraguans; and, long used to giving relief on occasions of civic distress, refused to serve the starving miners? *"Tutti fratelli"*—is this still true, or not?

The rise and fall and rise again of fashions in clothes is the never-failing source of fascination to us. What interests us is the fixed law of return, if we may describe it as such—the certainty with which a fashion, discarded yesterday, comes back tomorrow. Women's styles are of course the perfect illustration. Short dresses, we were told some years ago, had come to stay. Women liked them because they were convenient; men liked them because they were—exciting! We smiled politely when these confident prophecies were made, certain in our own mind that, just as surely as dresses had gone up, so surely would they come down. When they reached the point where they couldn't go any higher, they would begin to drop, and continue to drop until they couldn't go any lower! Now that the knee and thigh are at last revealed, skirts have started down. Drapery on evening dresses, so we read, falls to the ankles. Street dresses next year, so we read again, will hang four inches belong the knees. A year later, we prophesy, skirts will drop to eight inches below the knee, and in due course they will be sweeping the ground. No style is too preposterous to come back. When the utterly barbarous ear-ring fad went out some years ago, we were told that it would never return. Women were now too civilized to tolerate it! We smiled, and bided our time. Now women are wearing ear-rings as large as chandeliers, and a news dispatch tells us that Paris women are having their ears bored, so that these huge pendants may hang securely. Bustles were as ugly as they were indecent. Surely they have gone forever! But no!—evening dresses next year are to have frills and furbelows arranged so as to suggest bustles. If we wanted to make some sure money, we would start right in manufacturing bustles! And women, be it said, are not the only easy victims. Look at men, now donning again the impossible collapsible opera-hat! Of course, we are all the victims of private trading. Styles change because silly people must be forced to discard their old apparel, and purchase new. So, "all is flux," as Heraclitus used to say.

The job of making a martyr out of the late Bill Haywood is a difficult one. The material is there, perhaps, but it strikes us as being hopelessly intractable. The trouble is that "Big Bill" was hard-boiled—as hard-boiled a radical as many another man is hard-boiled a conservative. By "hard-boiled" we mean a man who learns nothing, forgives nothing, and hates everything. Wherever Haywood went there was hard feeling, violence, and trouble generally. There was in him not a ray of the sunshine that flooded the soul of Debs, for example, but only storm-clouds, black midnights and the unceasing bitter wind. His most obvious fault was lack of moral principle, and his most unforgivable one absence of courage. The essential "yellowness" of the man was startlingly revealed after the War when, convicted and sentenced to jail on a charge of conspiring against the government, he deserted the comrades convicted with him, left them to go leaderless to prison, and himself skipped bail and fled to Russia. This act of Bill's was the meanest, most cowardly, most disreputable act in the history of American labor. There is the grim satisfaction in the thought that his perfidy brought him little reward. His last years in Russia were amazingly like the last years of Benedict Arnold in England. Distrusted and disliked even by those whose cause he had sought to serve, Haywood was received and tolerated, but nothing more. Lonely, sick, disheartened, this pitiful man lived out his days among real men who had eluded no perils and been overcome by no disasters. Haywood saw the truth and it killed him. In America there remains nothing of his career but an unhappy memory.

It is difficult for any one person to appraise the achievements and worth of the late Edmund Gosse, so

many were the fields of literature which he entered, cultivated and adorned. It is interesting to recall that one who was a poet, biographer, essayist, critic, and leading literary authority of his generation, received no formal education, and held no earned degrees from any university. George Saintsbury, still living at 84, probably excelled Gosse in the range and detail of his knowledge of English literature, but no man equalled or even approached his knowledge of general literature, ancient and modern, at home and abroad. It was probably in his original explorations in the continental literatures of our time that Gosse did his most substantial work, as it was probably his discovery of Henrik Ibsen to the English-speaking world that will remain his most permanent achievement. His life of Ibsen, while outdated and out-moded, still remains the best available work on the great Norwegian. Of Gosse's original writings, "Father and Son" is undoubtedly the most notable and will be the longest remembered. Published anonymously, its author was quickly recognized, and the work itself acclaimed as a masterpiece of its *genre*. Who that has read it can ever forget the story of that bleak, starved childhood, and of that heroic battle of an utterly sincere but hopelessly superstition-ridden man against the Darwinian discovery of evolution! Here is the classic tale of the conflict between science and religion. We have long since enshrined this book as among the most precious in our library.

Liberty Is Not Dead

In 1924 there was a strike of industrial workers in the silk mills of Paterson, New Jersey. On the evening of October 6th, when the strike was at its height, Roger Baldwin, Director of the American Civil Liberties Union, went to Paterson to address a meeting of strikers at Turn Hall, which had been duly hired for the occasion. When he arrived, he discovered that the police had forbidden this meeting, and were refusing to allow it to be held. In protest against this wanton interference by the police with the constitutional rights of citizens to assemble peaceably and seek redress of grievances, Mr. Baldwin and others marched to the City Hall, planted upon the steps of the building an American flag, and proceeded to address the crowd. Whereupon the Chief of Police read the riot act, cleared the City Hall Plaza of the fifteen hundred to two thousand people assembled there, and arrested Roger Baldwin and others identified as leaders. Against these alleged disturbers of the public peace was addressed the charge of unlawful assembly, in that they did, among other monstrous things, "unlawfully, routously, riotously, and tumultuously make and utter great and loud noises and threatenings." Upon this absurd indictment, Mr. Baldwin was duly convicted, and sentenced to six months in prison. An appeal resulted in an opinion sustaining the lower court. A second appeal to the Supreme Court resulted in a unanimous opinion sustaining the decision. A final appeal, to the Court of Errors and Appeals, the highest appellate tribunal in the State, was taken more as a matter of form than anything else, for nothing seemed more unlikely than a reversal. The record was perfectly straight and sure from the beginning, with conviction at every step. Roger Baldwin made all arrangements to spend his summer in the State's Prison at Trenton, and true Americans to attend the final obsequies of liberty within the borders of New Jersey.

Then on Monday, May 14th, came an astounding event—a decision by the Court of Errors and Appeals reversing the conviction and releasing the defendant, Roger Baldwin, as guiltless of all offense! The opinion interpreting final decision in this case, written by Justice Kalisch, is one of the most impressive legal documents of modern times, and is likely to be remembered as marking a new milestone in the history of liberty in our American democracy.

The opinion begins with reciting the almost forgotten story of the painfully established tradition of the liberties of a free people. Thus, it reminds us that

> . . . the right of the people to meet in public places to discuss . . . all questions affecting their substantial welfare and to vent their grievances . . . (was) confirmed and guaranteed them by the Magna Charta, petition of right and the Bill of Rights, the mainstay of the British Constitution.

It recalls to memory the fact that in this country there is a Federal Constitution, which "recognized this invaluable right of the people" to assemble and protest, in Article I of its Amendments. Coming nearer home, the opinion resurrects a moulding document known as the Constitution of the State of New Jersey, which declares in Article I, placitum 18,

> . . . the people have a right to freely assemble together, to consult for the common good, to make known their opinions to their representatives, and petition for a redress of grievances.

These principles, says Justice Kalisch, are basic to our plan of government. They are the bulwarks which sustain the whole structure of human freedom. Therefore, "they must be given the most liberal and comprehensive construction." An assembly of the people must in itself be regarded as right and justifiable. Other things being equal, such an assembly must be protected, not attacked, by officers of government.

> In order to constitute the offense of unlawful assembly (runs the opinion), it must appear that there was a common interest of the persons assembled to attain a purpose . . . by the commission of such acts of intimidation and disorder which are likely to produce danger to the tranquillity and peace of

the neighborhood and have a natural tendency to inspire rational, firm and courageous persons in the neighborhood with well-grounded fear of serious breaches of the public peace.

Was there any such "intent" in this case in Paterson? Was there any circumstance attending this gathering in the City Hall Plaza to alarm anybody? This leads the Court to a detailed examination of what, in the testimony of witnesses, actually transpired that night on the Plaza when Roger Baldwin was arrested. After reciting every fragment of evidence, the Court finds "an utter absence of proof" that there was any unlawful procedure of any kind—except upon the part of the police!

From the record before us (says the Court), we find nothing in the statement of facts contained therein to have warranted the finding of the trial judge that the accused were guilty of the offense of unlawful assembly. *Judgment is reversed.*

This smashing decision of the highest court of one of the greatest states in the Union moves to a conflict of emotions. First of all, indignation at the arrogance, tyranny, lawlessness, brute usurpation of power which actuated police and judges alike until this highest court was reached! What right had the Paterson police to forbid that meeting of strikers in Turn Hall, which had been duly hired for the purpose? None. What right had the police to break up the meeting of protest in the City Hall Plaza? None! What right had the police to arrest Roger Baldwin and charge him with crime? None!! What right had the trial judge to convict Baldwin, sentence him to six months in prison, and hold him in $2,000 bail? *None!!* What right had the appellate courts to sustain this modern Justice Shallow? NONE!! Police and courts alike in New Jersey joined in a conspiracy to destroy Magna Charta, wipe out the Bill of Rights, make "a scrap of paper" of Federal and State Constitutions; and nothing but the accident in New Jersey of a highest tribunal possessing knowledge, sanity and courage prevented this conspiracy from being a complete and permanent success. So near do we come to losing all the liberties we have—liberties for which thousands have died, and millions suffered!

But this emotion of alarm and indignation is swallowed up, for the moment at least, by the very different emotion of joy and thanksgiving. *Liberty in America is not dead!* The freedom of the founding fathers may sleep in periods of public indifference and inertia; it may be assaulted and beaten into insensibility in periods of public hysteria and madness; it may be buried, seemingly moribund, beneath the hard-trodden soil of public bigotry and hate. But still it is alive, like the very air we breathe, and waits but the quickening of understanding minds, heroic hearts, and sacrificial lives to spring again to action. Liberty has been worse treated in America during the past decade than at any previous period in the history of the Republic. No tyranny has been too terrible to be enthroned; no injustice too oppressive to be visited by the strong upon the weak; no crime too dastardly to be proudly perpetrated in the name of patriotism and public safety. The years 1918-1928 mark the dark ages of our American democracy. But Liberty, for all her perils and indignities, has never succumbed. In such a document as this New Jersey opinion, Liberty lives anew, to prove that "government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

No expression of joy for this great triumph would be adequate which did not pay tribute, first, to Roger Baldwin, the most gallant and courageous knight-errant who ever dared all for a great cause, and, secondly, to his sponsors and backers, the American Civil Liberties Union, which single-handed since the War has fought at bitter cost the good fight for the ancient liberties of this nation. To these, our salutations!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

On Monday, May 21st last, at Center, Texas, took place the first lynching of the year 1928. It is tragic that this current year, clean of stain for so many months, should not have remained unsmirched to the very end. But this is too much, perhaps, to expect. It is enough that a record is being written unparalleled since the horror of this crime began. Lynching is on its way to sure extinction!

A conspicuous New York clergyman recently preached on a dangerous operation which he had survived, giving thanks to God for his recovery. If the clergyman had died, the surgeon would have been to blame.

Great Britian plays no favorites. She sent Prince Carol of Roumania about his business as though he were the veriest Bolshevik. If alien agitators must be exiled, Carol is a perfect specimen for such handling.

When typical college youths, like the Princeton seniors, vote "Cyrano de Bergerac" their favorite play, and Sabatini, Tarkington and Kipling their favorite novelists, one need not worry much about modern literary trends. Some day we are going to learn that the poisoned fiction and drama of our day is only the fad of a little group of New York sophisticates, that's all.

Those two incomparable "wringing-wets," Nicholas Murray Butler and Ex-Senator James Wadsworth, have decided not to fight for a "wet" plank in the Republican convention. Yet these men have told us for years that everybody in this country is clamoring for the repeal of the 18th Amendment! Have they at last discovered that the country is dry?

The Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung,* of Vienna, greets the international convention of the "wets" in that city with the following:

Thinking workers
do not drink;
Drinking workers
do not think.

We wish that our American Socialists, and American labor generally, had the sanity and courage of their Austrian brethren.

J. H. H.

The Only Way with the Liquor Traffic*

Some years ago the Sunday preceding the Municipal Elections was recognized as "Citizen's Sunday," but the observance has somehow fallen into disuse. Some time ago I wrote to two London dailies advocating its resumption. One paper published a truncated edition of my letter while the other did not publish it at all. No other notice was taken. I conclude that the desire to secure a party majority at the elections is greater than the desire to cultivate a general civic spirit. The Temperance people have stepped in to fill the gap. I am glad of it. For Temperance is at the root of good civics, and it may confidently be affirmed that until we get a sober people we shall never get a public-spirited and reforming people. Mr. Philip Snowden—a former chancellor of the Exchequer—has just been saying that—Every year the British people waste on alcoholic liquors the colossal sum of £300,000,000 (three hundred millions), while it is generally admitted that much of the poverty and most of the crime (with all that they cost) are attributable to indulgence in strong drink.

Various proposals have been made from time to time for the control of the drink trade, which resolutely refuses to be controlled to any appreciable extent—to the extent of preventing drunkenness with its attendant miseries and vices.

Experience has proved the futility of License Reform, which only complicates the issue. License Reform is merely a By-Path Meadow followed by easy-going compromisers, and leading to the dungeon of Giant Despair. Then there are measures of High License, Public Trusts, Municipalization, etc.

Of these proposals, Municipalization is perhaps the most attractive, since it is linked with one of the fruitful civic movements of our time. That blessed word "Municipalization" charms the eager Socialist and civic reformer, beholding the success with which many cities have municipalized their gas, water, and electricity, their parks, baths, tramways, and libraries. To communize the drink shop, however, is a quite different proposition; for there is an essential difference between communizing a library and communizing a drinking saloon; between the collective ownership of light, cleanliness, health, beauty, and knowledge, as of things to be desired, and the collective ownership of ignorance, dirt, disease, poverty, and crime, as of things to be destroyed. We do not try communally to own the devil, but only the rope to hang him with. To municipalize the liquor shop would be to root it more deeply in the commercial instinct, would appeal to the self-interest of the community (who would be the shareholders), and would be a permanent encouragement to local demagogues to lower the rates by increasing the profits. The stupidity of many would permit them to go on drinking, while the cupidity of others would increase the facilities for becoming drunk. Still with us are the poor sot who would sell his soul for a glass, and the rich sinner who would sell his soul for a guinea. Besides, municipalization would give new social sanctions to the drinking customs of society; for we should all be so proud of our bran-new municipal public-house, and would feel so safe in sending our lads to spend their evenings there. The communal appetite for alcohol would grow by what it drank of, and the multiplication of municipal topers could not be balanced by a municipal bowling-green made out of the profits.

No! The proper aim of reformers is to banish, not to domesticate, the traffic; not to socialize it but to prohibit it; not to paint the door of the "pub," but to close it. What is the use of our singing with Ebenezer Elliott

"From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people,"

when at every street corner we plant blazing temptations to the vice of alcoholic excess?

I have heard in my time a great deal of loose talk about "democracy," "trusting the people," the "rights of citizens," "liberty," etc., etc. That is all very well about some things, but in other cases it does not work, and nobody wants to make it work. When it is a question of your neighbor having ash-pits at the front of his house and pig-styes at the rear, you do not talk about individual liberty. You call for the inspector of nuisances. And is not the public-house a nuisance? There is not before me a single man who would not shift his place of residence if a public-house were opened next door to it. Public opinion has decreed the abolition of local corruption in the shape of ash-pits and pig-styes, and the day is not far off when it will decree the abolition of the liquor nuisance which Mr. Gladstone declared to be more destructive than the combined havoc of war, pestilence and famine.

In our time two grand attempts at prohibition have been made, with, I regret to say, doubtful results. By stretching the time a little I might say three attempts.

In the middle of last century China prohibited opium throughout her dominions. Opium was China's form of poisonous indulgence corresponding to our

*An address delivered before the Free Religious Movement, London, England.

alcohol. The attempt failed because British gun-boats compelled her to open her ports to India-grown opium.

Then Russia. While still under the Tsardom, Russia decreed the prohibition of vodka, which was confirmed by the Soviet Government. But external and internal opposition once more proved too strong, and Russia went "wet" again.

The United States is making a magnificent struggle against the law-breakers, illicit distillers, bribers, smugglers, and boot-leggers (Great Britain furnishing her quota, I am ashamed to say) who for the sake of gain are doing their best to destroy the prospect of a sober and therefore a prosperous America.

I might also cite the wonderful instance of the Muslim world, which, since the day of Muhammad to our own has been teetotal. The ordinance of Muhammad forbade so much as partaking of fermented liquor. I do not doubt that the law is broken sometimes by Muslims unfaithful to their creed. But that does not shake the prodigious fact that here is a population of over 200,000,000 (two hundred millions) which is mainly loyal to a prohibitory law. I read the other day that a certain Muslim leader had kicked the Koran across his room declaring that Muslims were no longer to be bound by old enactments and regulations unsuited to modern times. There might be some wisdom in such a revolution. I do not know if the design is to include alcoholic drinking in the revolutionary program, but it would be a vast pity if Islam went over to Western alcoholism just at the time when the West is moving towards Islamic prohibition.

A curious contrast to the religious teetotalism of Islam came under my notice a few days ago. Talking with a responsible leader of Nonconformist religion, the liquor question came up, and he (though of absolute sobriety in his own habits) declared himself a follower of a man (Jesus) who came eating and drinking and who was not afraid to be called a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber. I never heard the responsibility of Christianity for drunkenness put so bluntly. I began to realize as I had never done before why the white races (who are also for the most part the Christian races) have been the scandal of the world for drunkenness and its attendant vices. That conversation startled me into a new consciousness of the evil wrought by book religion or any form of man worship, and is partly answerable for the tone of this address.

The common plea by which this urgent reform is fended off from age to age may be stated in a single word: "Moderation." But, in the first place, every one is not *willing* to be moderate. Certain natures deliberately seek the fierce joy of intoxication, will seek it wherever it can be had, and will break any law to get it. In the second place, not every one is *able* to be moderate. Many would willingly see the drink trade abolished, but while it is there they cannot resist its fascinations. True religion as well as good citizenship induce their possessor to consider these unfortunates. There are multitudes of men and women who have abstained all their lives,—not for their own sakes, not because alcohol was any temptation to them, but,—for the sake of the weak brother. I am one of them.

It is no condemnation of the prohibition laws that the laws are broken. The same objection might be urged against the laws of Sinai, the whole ten of which are prohibitory. Can anyone name a British law or any law of God that is not broken by somebody? We have laws against gambling, theft, murder, white slavery, and various other crimes. These laws are violated on a great scale. But do we on that account denounce the laws as failures and proceed to assist those who are trying to break them down? I trow not. We do not ally ourselves with theft and gambling and murder and white slavery in the sacred name of "liberty." We keep the laws ourselves, and we use our influence to make others keep them. Why should we not be equally loyal to a prohibitory law which was calculated to stanch crime at its principal well-head?

I have just been reading that a book has been published by an American professor, and its title is: "Prohibition At Its Worst."* I have not read the book myself, but authorities on which I can rely pronounce it to be a convincing demonstration that Prohibition has been already, spite of all the law-breakers, highly beneficial to the United States and to its people, both in health and wealth. The liquor pirates of course try to confute such evidence, and with their minions among politicians and pressmen they are sometimes able to deceive even the elect. One of their dodges is to decry the "extreme man," for they know that it is the extreme man who forces the pace. In every age the political Pliable complains of "the incurable obstinacy of Judas Maccabeus." In this as in other reform movements I am not afraid to be numbered among the "extreme" men. Can you mention any reform which has not been developed and matured by the extreme men and women? Who else can rouse public opinion, educate the public conscience, startle Parliament, tabulate and blazon drink's doings before the public eye, till the dwellers in Laodicea itself begin to shake themselves, and mutter that "something must be done!" If a cyclist wants to break a record he does not choose a boy with a hoop for pace-maker. If an athlete is training for the Highland Games he does not select an invalid for his trainer; nor does a champion sprinter choose a man with crutches. I grant you that the wily politician with his finger on the popular pulse usually comes in at the end to carry a bill through Parliament, and, incidentally, to carry off the honors, but the unselfish reformer does not mind that. So that the right thing gets done he is quite satisfied with the knowledge that without him it could not have got itself done. That is one reason why I honor Philip Snowden for his courageous championship of a reform which his party are afraid to touch. Let us never indulge the vain hope that any needful reform whatever will be put through by Parliament on its own account. It responds only to public opinion, and to educate public opinion is the reformer's job.

Now by way of illustration I take you back to the grim story of the hewing of Agag. It is a savage story from a savage old time, but I find it a useful allegory for Temperance Sunday.

Saul, king of Israel, remembered what Amalek did to Israel—how he laid in wait for Israel in the way when he came up from Egypt. The prophet Samuel took his revenge by ordering Saul to smite Amalek, to destroy utterly all that they had, and spare them not. Saul obediently exterminated all the people but took the king alive, and took also the best of the herds and flocks. Samuel, being a hundred per cent patriot, demanded why the flocks and herds and the king had not also been massacred, and Saul pleaded that he had

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*By Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale.—[Ed.]

spared them only in order that they might be sacrificed to the patriotic god Jahweh. So far from accepting this explanation the vengeful prophet deprived Saul of his sovereignty, and, calling for king Agag, hewed him in pieces at the very altar. A horrible story of savage superstition and cruelty, such as was too common in the early days of priestly religion, and not unknown even in later times under priestly rule.

Now if we read the hewing of Agag as an allegory, it graphically sets forth the historic sin of the liquor traffic. The liquor traffic is the Amalek which from ancient to modern times has lain in wait for the people as they journey up from their Egypt of servitude, and which has robbed and slain them. That story is writ large in ancient annals, as well as in the blood and tears of our own criminal and pauper records.

The most ancient legal code known to history—the Code of Hammurabi—enacted drastic measures including the death penalty against alcoholic traders who had tempted men to intoxication.

Step from Assyria to Palestine. There is an old Jewish tradition that it was Satan who assisted Noah to plant the first vine, and that he (Satan) poured over the vine the blood successively of a lamb, a lion, an ape, and a pig, indicating that before a man tastes the fermented juice of the grape he is as harmless as a lamb; he drinks on and waxes bold as a lion; he drinks more deeply and becomes as mischievous as an ape; and finally he sinks into sodden bestiality like a pig. I quote this with apologies to the pig, which is by nature a cleanly and intelligent creature, and a strict teetotaler besides. But let that pass.

Next we come to Athens where drunkenness was punishable by fines, even by death.

As to Christendom, there is a consensus of modern authority that alcoholic indulgence is the principal cause of crime, bad heredity, and race degeneracy. The history of alcohol is like the prophet's roll which within and without was written with lamentations, and mourning, and woe. Generation after generation have set their faces toward the promised land of peace and plenty, and yet to this day mankind continue to wander in the wilderness of poverty, lunacy, suicide, and murder. Liquor is the Amalekite which has ever lain in wait for Democracy as it came up from Egypt. It is the Liquor Traffic which fosters the Liquor Habit, and it is the liquor habit which disinclines its subjects to undertake those other reforms which are long overdue. A national vice is best ended by a national veto.

I am pleading for a civic approach to this pressing question, for a moral approach, for a religious approach, for a humane approach. It is not necessary to collect evidence; for proof has already been led by the mouths of many witnesses—judges, doctors, lawyers, ministers, police, industrialists, labor leaders—and no reputable party disputes it. The only question for good citizenship is the question of getting the liquor traffic abolished root and branch. In this scheme of abolition I do not of course include medical and scientific uses of alcohol. What we aim to abolish is the public sale of alcoholic drink apart from medical and scientific necessities. I see quite well that this immense reformation can be accomplished only by the maturing of the moral and political forces of the country. I recognize the backwardness of that public opinion which it is necessary to create and propel. I perceive that it is needful to multiply the number of personal abstainers. It may be possible to put up the shutters of the drink shop only one shutter at a time, but that need not prevent us pushing our program till every shutter is up and a padlock hanging from the door of every saloon in the land.

Simple minded folk need not trouble themselves about the revenue. It is true that an enormous sum is derived by government from the traffic in intoxicating liquor; but what is that sum, immense as it may be, to the fortunes we have to pay for workhouses, prisons, police, law-courts, doctors, lunatic asylums, children's homes, loss of work-time and twenty other different things? William Cowper, observing the waste and riot at the village tavern of Olney, where he lived, scourged the idiotic notion of promoting national revenue by means of public demoralization:

> The Excise is fattened with the rich result
> Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,
> For ever dribbling out their base contents,
> Touched by the Midas finger of the State,
> Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
> Drink and be mad then; 'tis your country bids
> Gloriously drunk, obey the important call!
> Her cause demands the assistance of your throats;
> Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

If we would spend Philip Snowden's estimated three hundred millions on the right things—nourishing food, warm clothing, education, healthy homes, etc., the nation's lawful necessities would be provided thrice over. We must stop the liquor leak that is sinking the ship. There is no way to stop sinning so good as just to stop the sin.

I wish I could set the whole Christian church singing "Ye fearful saints fresh courage take" as they confront this mighty enterprise. There is no short cut to the top of the hill. The longest way round may prove to be the shortest way home. The goal stands out clear, and the way thither is plain. We know there is a remedy for the drink evil, and we know what the remedy is. If you shake your head saying that the policy of prohibition is impossible I reply in the spirit of Mirabeau, "Do not name to me that blockhead of a word!"

> If we have whispered truth,
> Whisper no longer;
> Speak as the thunder doth,
> Sterner and stronger.

According to our faith it shall be done unto us. All things are possible to him that believes. Our faces are toward Zion and our feet are on the straight road. We may be far from the goal; but we are patient and steady to take step by step till the fadeless laurel of Sobriety crowns our people.

> We see our way as birds their trackless way.
> We shall arrive—what time, what circuit first,
> We ask not; but unless God send his hail
> Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
> In some time, his good time, we shall arrive.

WALTER WALSH.

Universal Good

> Who serves for universal good,
> Serves not his God alone, nor brother-hood;
> But serves himself, the sacred clod,
> And thus evolves himself a god.

JOHANNA FRADA.

The Community Church Movement Arrives

More than fifteen hundred community churches are now listed. That list has been lengthening recently at the rate of three hundred a year. Such a phenomenon has scarcely elsewhere appeared in American religious history. For, it must be remembered, this movement is spontaneous. It has not been promoted. It has not been officially sponsored. It has come because it had to. It has sprung out of the irrepressible logic of events.

The only group which has even taken the trouble to make a count has been "The Community Church Workers of the U. S. A.," who, up to the middle of May this year, were not even organized. They have been meeting informally every two years for some time. Now they are organized. But they have been careful to organize as such, as a group of workers, not as churches. The organization is not ecclesiastical. The delegates do not come together as representatives of churches, but as individuals interested in a common purpose.

This epochal conference, when the organization was effected, was held at Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, a charming suburban community a few miles from New York. The host church is typical of what the movement means. In the membership of this one church there are persons formerly connected with 18 different denominations. The community is relatively new. On moving in the people refused to duplicate the waste and spiritual blight of a multitude of starveling and competing denominational organizations, with which they had become all too familiar in earlier residences. They got together. Together they are able to maintain a creditable plant, with numerous community conveniences. They support a pastor of a caliber and on a living basis which make him a credit to the community. He is assisted by a full-time church secretary. Various social organizations, organically connected with the church and not so connected, use the plant to an extent which schedules a hundred meetings a week. The property is worth $145,000. Outstanding obligations are cared for by trustworthy pledges and in an orderly and business-like budget such as would scarcely be thinkable for a denominational church in such a community.

The churches whose workers thus gather every two years are so varied that there is little ground for the apprehension often expressed, that community churches will soon compound the evil they seek to avoid by forming still another denomination. They will not. They cannot. They certainly do not want to. An incident at this meeting is suggestive. A denominational state assembly in the middle west chanced to have been in session at the same time. Having learned of the meeting of the community church workers, that assembly sent a formal communication, most generously patting the community churches on their backs, and closing the fulsome greeting with the proposal that these churches join their particularly liberal communion, where they would find all the liberty they could ask, and where all the associations would be lovely.

The communication was read, was smiled over, and was not even voted upon. The chairman simply remarked that these "brethren" apparently did not understand, and appointed three of the veterans of the community church movement to write them a letter patiently reiterating the elements in which everybody who knows what the community church is must fully understand. These workers do not negotiate with denominational bodies in behalf of their churches as a group.

No, a new denomination is not in the forming, not among this group. But the movement is now on with a push and a punch, and with ever clearer objectives. A literature has sprung up. Expositions are forthcoming from those who have lived with and in the movement for a decade. The reader is no longer dependent upon the measured critiques of more or less liberal denominational propagandists who see in the movement either an interesting plaything or a "cause for alarm."

Theologically speaking, the movement does not lack thoroughly orthodox sponsoring. Some of the community churches are even as the apostles of fundamentalism, except for their ecclesiastical bonds. Those bonds and the absence of them make an enormous difference, if you know the religious realities. These churches are more and more true to the spiritual realities of their communities. If the people are fundamentalist their church ought to be fundamentalist. The large proportion of the community churches now listed are rural or located in relatively small towns. The religious sentiments of such populations are often thoroughly conservative in theology. Every good community churchman rejoices in the conservatism of these particular churches, however latitudinarian may be his own beliefs. He finds a secure and trustworthy basis of fellowship in the reality of these churches' response to the sentiments of their people.

The same spirit carried into the metropolitan centers is producing such organizations as the Community Church of Boston and that of New York, the latter one of the oldest of the new type of organization, though it has scarcely passed a decade of life as a community church. These organizations take the religious complexion of their communities, just as do the community churches of the homogeneous, conservative rural communities. Finding the variety of religious experience which there prevails, they set themselves resolutely to the mission of expressing the common impulses of this variety, in a religious program which shall be a genuine response to the cosmopolitanism surrounding them.

The community church veteran, Rev. O. F. Jordan, of Park Ridge, Illinois, has recently taken over the publication, "The Community Churchman." He also serves as Executive Secretary of the new board of directors. Under Dr. Jordan's leadership this monthly publication is bound to render an ever-widening and constructive service. It will advance practical measures, as well as set forth principles. It is a newspaper as well as a magazine of fact and opinion.

There are certain to be surprising developments. A sincere desire to face realities with unclouded vision must issue in results which will gladden every true heart. If the people in our American communities can have what they want in the way of religious organization, and they know they can get it whenever they want it, they will discover some very lively wants. There is going to be a revival of religion. It will not please many who have been crying out for it. But it will be heartening to those who want more than anything else to have the people do the work and keep the faith which feels no shame.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyright, 1928)

PART IV—CHAPTERS XXXVII AND XXXVIII

To Meet Gokhale

I must skip many of the recollections of South Africa.

At the conclusion of the Satyagraha struggle in 1914, I received Gokhale's instructions to return home via London. So in July Kasturbai, Kallenbach and I sailed for England.

During Satyagraha I had begun travelling third. I therefore took third class passages for this voyage. But there was a good deal of difference between third class accommodation on the boat on this route and that provided on Indian coastal boats or railway trains. There is hardly sufficient sitting, much less sleeping, accommodation in the Indian service, and little cleanliness. During the voyage to London, on the other hand, there was enough room, and equal cleanliness, and the steamship company had provided special facilities for us. The company had provided reserved closet accommodation for us, and as we were fruitarians, the steward had orders to supply us with fruits and nuts. As a rule, third class passengers get little fruit and nuts. These facilities made our eighteen days on the boat quite comfortable.

Some of the incidents during the voyage are well worth recording. Mr. Kallenbach was very fond of binoculars and had one or two costly pairs. We had daily discussions over one of these. I tried to impress on him that this possession was not in keeping with the ideal of simplicity that we aspired to reach. Our discussions came to a head one day, as we were standing near the porthole of our cabin.

"Rather than allow this to be a bone of contention between us, why not throw it into the sea, and be done with it?" said I.

"Certainly, throw the wretched thing away," said Kallenbach.

"I mean it," said I.

"So do I," quickly came the reply.

And forthwith I flung it into the sea. It was worth some £7, but its value lay less in its price than in Mr. Kallenbach's infatuation for it. But having got rid of it, he never regretted it.

This is but one out of the many incidents that happened between Mr. Kallenbach and me.

Every day we had to learn something new in this way, for both of us were trying to tread the path of Truth. In the march toward Truth, anger, selfishness, hatred, etc., naturally give way, for otherwise Truth would be impossible to attain. A man who is swayed by passions may have good enough intentions, may be truthful in word, but he will never find the Truth. A successful search for Truth means complete deliverance from the dual throng of love and hate, happiness and misery, etc.

Not much time had elapsed since my fast when we started on our voyage. I had not regained my normal strength. I used to stroll on deck to get a little exercise, so as to revive my appetite and digest what I ate. But even this exercise was beyond me, causing pain in the calves, so much so that on reaching London I found that I was worse rather than better. There I came to know Dr. Jivraj Mehta. I gave him the history of my fast and subsequent pain, and he said, "If you do not take complete rest for a few days, there is fear of your legs going out of use."

It was then that I learned that a man emerging from a long fast should not be in a hurry to regain lost strength, and should also put a curb on his appetite. More caution and perhaps more restraint is necessary in breaking a fast than in keeping it.

In Madeira we heard that the Great War might break out at any moment. As we entered the English Channel we received the news of its actual outbreak, and we were stopped for some time. It was a difficult business to tow the boat through the submarine mines which had been laid throughout the Channel, and it took about two days to reach Southampton.

The War was declared on the 4th of August. We reached London on the 6th.

My Part in the War

On arrival in England I learned that Gokhale had been stranded in Paris, where he had gone for reasons of health, and as communication between Paris and London had been cut off, there was no knowing when he would return. I did not want to go home without having seen him, but no one could say definitely when he would arrive.

What then was I to do in the meanwhile? What was my duty as regards the War? Sorabji Adajania, my comrade in jail and a Satyagrahi, was then reading for the bar in London. As one of the best Satyagrahis he had been sent to England to qualify himself as a barrister, so that on return to South Africa, he might take my place. Dr. Pranjivandas Mehta was finding his expenses. With him, and through him, I had conferences with Dr. Jivraj Mehta and others who were prosecuting their studies in England. In consultation with them, a meeting of the Indian residents in Great Britain and Ireland was called. I placed my views before them.

I felt that Indians residing in England ought to do their bit in the War. English students had volunteered to serve in the army, and Indians might do no less. A number of objections were taken to this line of argument. There was, it was contended, a world of difference between the Indians and the English. We were slaves and they were masters. How could a slave cooperate with the master in the hour of the latter's need? Was it not the duty of the slave, seeking to be free, to make the master's need his opportunity? This argument failed to appeal to me then. I knew the difference of status between an Indian and an Englishman, but I did not believe that we had been quite reduced to slavery. I felt then that it was more of the fault of individual British officials than of the British system, and that we could convert them by love. If we would improve our status through the help and cooperation of

the British, it was our duty to win their help by standing by them in their hour of need. Though the system was faulty, it did not seem to me to be intolerable, as it does today. But if having lost my faith in the system, I refuse to cooperate with the British Government today, how could those friends then do so, having lost their faith not only in the system but in the officials as well?

The opposing friends felt that that was the hour for making a bold declaration of the Indian demands and for improving the Indians' status.

I thought that England's need should not be turned into our opportunity, and that it was more becoming and farsighted not to press our demands while the War lasted. I therefore adhered to my advice and invited those who would to enlist as volunteers. There was a good response, practically all the provinces and all the religions being represented among the volunteers.

I wrote a letter to Lord Crewe, acquainting him with these facts, and expressing our readiness to be trained for ambulance work, if that should be considered as a condition precedent to the acceptance of our offer.

Lord Crewe accepted the offer after some hesitation, and thanked us for having tendered our services to the Empire at that critical hour.

The volunteers began their preliminary training in first aid to the wounded under the well-known Dr. Cantlie. It was a short course of six weeks, but it covered the whole course of first aid.

We were a class of about 80. In six weeks we were examined, and all except one passed. For these the Government now provided military drill and other training. Colonel Baker was placed in charge of this work.

London in those days was a sight worth seeing. There was no panic, but all were busy helping to the best of their ability. Able-bodied adults began training as combatants, but what were the old, the infirm and the women to do? There was enough work for them, if they wanted. So they employed themselves in cutting and making clothes and dressings for the wounded.

The Lyceum, a ladies' club, undertook to make as many clothes for the soldiers as they could. Shrimati Sarojini Naidu was a member of this club, and she threw herself whole-heartedly into the work. This was my first acquaintance with her. She placed before me a heap of clothes which had been cut to pattern, and asked me to get them all sewn up and return them to her. I welcomed her demand and with the assistance of friends got as many clothes made as I could manage during my training for first aid.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

The Study Table

New Books

All along the line there has been revolt against the earlier anthropologists. We accepted them all so implicitly for a time! Lubbock, Tylor, Morgan, Frazer—a vast library of books grew up under their leadership and influence. They were strongly influenced by the theories of biological evolution, with the result that they built up a simple evolutionary scheme of culture. When we studied individual cultures and specific peoples, the thing to do was to neatly fit them into place in the scheme. When we came upon a custom, an idea, a practice, it was easy to locate it at its precise point in the evolution. But reaction has come. Culture develops—yes; and new cultures grow out of old ones, but there has been no one inflexible evolution, and different peoples have not necessarily trodden the same trail in reaching the point where we now find and study them. The revolt against the old view has shown itself in all the recent general discussions in anthropology. It shows itself forcibly in Paul Radin's new book, "Primitive Man as Philosopher."[1] It is a book of extraordinary interest. It especially attacks the old assumption

> that there is a dead level of intelligence among primitive peoples, that the individual is completely swamped by and submerged in the group, that thinkers and philosophers as such do not exist—in short, that there is nothing even remotely comparable to an intellectual class among them.

To demonstrate the falsity of this assumption and to show the existence and significance of the exceptional man in primitive life, Mr. Radin brings together a large amount of material illustrating primitive thought. It is mostly drawn from a few peoples only; not that thinkers and philosophers are confined to the peoples quoted, but because reliable material is lacking for most peoples. He draws most largely on American Indians (especially the Winnebago, among whom he has made profound investigations), Polynesians, and a few African tribes. He presents his material under two phases—ideas regarding man and society, and the higher aspects of primitive thought. Under the latter he finds primitive philosophy grappling with the analysis of reality and the external world, the nature of the ego and of human personality, speculation for its own sake, the nature of God, monotheism, etc., etc. He believes that in all human groups there have been individual thinkers who have pondered upon these profound questions; that there are, and always have been, different types of ability and temperament. He says:

> I feel quite convinced that the idealist and the materialist, the dreamer and the realist, the introspective and the non-introspective man have always been with us.

An easy writer, a well known journalist, a traveller, a man who already knew Mexico, secured financial backing and organized a party to make a scientific expedition into Yucatan. The party numbered five persons and included Spinden, Harvard archaeologist, Griscom, ornithologist of the American Museum of Natural History, McClurg of the Naval Reserve, Whiting, who seems to have been out for experience, and Gregory Mason, scribe, general manager, financier of the expedition. The book is a lively account of the trip, with much of the personal in the story.[2] It is not an important contribution to science, but it tells enough of ruins, birds, light-houses and channels, coasts and waters, to show that there were scientific results. The real incentive was archaeology and the hope of finding un-

1. **Primitive Man as Philosopher.** Paul Radin. New York: 1927. D. Appleton and Co., 8-mo., pp. xviii, 402.

2. **Silver Cities of Yucatan.** Gregory Mason. New York and London: 1927. G. P. Putnam Sons, 8-mo., pp. xvii, 340.

known ruins. The journey was mostly a sea-voyage, a coasting-trip, with landings where desirable and penetration into the jungle when rumors of ruins were heard. Spinden, who contributes the preface, states that the thing most sought was "evidence on the last phases of Mayan civilization." The eastern coast of the peninsula was followed. After the coasting trip was finished the archaeological part of the party struck inland from the Santa Clara Chico and crossed the peninsula to Merida. Seven ruined cities, before unknown, were discovered, some of which presented features of unusual interest. Among them Okop seems to be the oldest. Mason himself mentions as features that stand out most sharply—

> the extraordinary subterranean temple at Muyil, the mystifying round tower at Paalmul (once devoted to who knows what occult rites), the statues guarding temples on Cozumel Island with right hands raised as if forbidding entrance, the hidden city of Xkaret, with its protecting wall and its lovely lagoon entrance, and the fine characteristically Maya pyramid temples of Myil and Okop.

The success of "Why We Behave like Human Beings" is no doubt the reason why its able author was invited to write "The Nature of Man,"[3] a little book in Harper's *Things-to-know Series*. Like its predecessor, it is a "behaviorist" book. Behaviorism is the newest fad. The author tells us—

> this book is not based on revelation, is not concerned with Meanings or the Whys of things, nor does it attempt to solve the Riddle of the Universe, nor Man—or real stars, crystals, palms, or faces, or converse with ghosts. It is based on observation and inference; it describes and deals with How.

The chapter headings outline the treatment: 1. Introducing "man," "nature" and "behavior." 2. How man lives: visceral behavior. 3. How man grows: genetic behavior. 4. How man responds: somatic behavior. 5. The family situation: social behavior. 6. Civilization: cultural behavior. It is a book to cause thought and is worth reading. Our chief objection to the Behaviorists is that they take themselves somewhat too seriously. They are seldom so startling or naughty as they seem to think.

That educational tests have value and that they are here to stay admits of no doubt. That many which have been put forward have little or no value, that errors have been made in their use and interpretation, were to be expected in an instrument so new. But, more and more they are being used to determine the place and career of thousands of persons in school and outside. A new profession is growing up and men and women are devoting themselves to the interpretation of test results and the counseling of young people on the basis of them. Prof. Kelley's "Interpretation of Educational Measurements"[4] is timely. He states its purpose:

> It is my thesis that these instruments (tests) are potent for good if intelligently used by honest, capable, and socially minded counselors, and it is the purpose of this book to offer certain guides in the interpretation of test scores and to make explicit the errors involved—all with a view to a more sane, a more widespread, and at the same time a more penetrating use of such measures.

The author claims three radical departures in his book from earlier texts: First, he studies measures of achievement and intelligence in their mutual relations, instead of as widely separated and unrelated things; second, he emphasizes measures of reliability and attempts to determine the trustworthiness of each and every conclusion reached; third, he presents a judgment, by a group of competent judges, of the ratings for general excellence for purposes of individual measurement and diagnoses of all the well-known intelligence and educational tests. This last is a somewhat daring undertaking. It will not only tend to the elimination of unsatisfactory tests; it will act as a check on hasty publication of tests in the future. The book is intended for use as a text-book and is at once scholarly and technical.

A pile of new tests[5] lie on my table. They cover a diversity of subjects and are fathered by various research agencies and school systems. More and more of them, especially those in languages and reading, depend upon the selection from five statements, four of which are wrong. It is easy to draw a line under the right one—quick work for the student, the teacher, the grader. The *yes* and *no* system, too, is popular and easy. A student may be pinned down to a statement of things, where a yes or no may be all right, but as a system it is not the best way of developing clear thought, good judgment, and distinction of minute differences. There is a certain danger in the effort to develop rapid tests, easy to give, easy to mark. The World Book Company probably still leads in the publication of educational tests.

FREDERICK STARR.

"The Life of Paul*"

In 1918 the professor of New Testament at the Chicago Theological Seminary (Congregational) issued this work as a text-book for English-Bible students, to be used under an instructor. It served its purpose so admirably, and had so much circulation also among non-professional "general readers" that a new edition seemed clearly called for. The changes are not many; chiefly a bringing of the bibliographies up to date, and the addition of a new chapter on "Paul's Religion," which is the most important in the book.

Professor Robinson writes for somewhat elementary readers; he is therefore simple, clear and direct in style and everywhere intelligible. He makes a fluent and convincing narrative, in which the critical discussions that must underlie any such work are kept for the most part out of sight. He does not conceal the fact of uncertainty, but he does not give the doubtful points the false importance assigned to them by many writers. His own conclusions on critical questions are prevailingly conservative, as might be expected, but not uniformly so, and where he is not yet decided, he says so. But he never forgets that he is writing for students, for whom the main lines of assured conclusion are more important than preoccupation with small uncertainties. We wish the book renewed and continued usefulness.

C. R. BOWEN.

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3. **The Nature of Man.** George A. Dorsey. New York: 1927. Harper & Brothers. 16-mo., pp. viii, 82.

4. **Interpretation of Educational Measurements.** Truman E. Kelley. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1927. World Book Co. 16-mo., pp. x, 363.

5. King-Clark Food Test, Detroit Reading Test, Sanborn-Woody Reading Test, Algebra Test (Columbia), American History Test (Col.), American Council Tests in French (3), Spanish (2), German, Rating Scale for School Habits. All from World Book Co.

***The Life of Paul.** By Benjamin W. Robinson. New and Revised Edition. University of Chicago Press. 1928. Price $2.00.

Correspondence

The Niagara Shooting Case

Editor of UNITY:

How far the echoes from the Hanson shooting at Niagara Falls will reach, I do not know, but because I feel that you will want to know the situation at first-hand, in case it does assume national importance, I am having sent to you under separate cover, two copies of the Niagara Falls *Gazette,* the only newspaper published at Niagara Falls. Obviously only one side of the story is told by this one newspaper. What that side is should be of interest to you.

On May 5th, Jacob D. Hanson attended a jubilee meeting of the Elks at N. Tonawanda. It is said that the hall was decorated with American flags. One speaker touchingly averred that Mr. Hanson, by stretching out his right hand, could touch one of these American flags, symbol of protection of freedom and liberty. Whether by stretching out his left hand, he could perhaps touch a bottle, symbol of license, does not appear.—Following the celebration, Mr. Hanson had occasion to take someone home in a roundabout way. So that it was two o'clock in the morning of May 6th when, as he was driving up the steep Lewiston Hill, he was challenged by federal coast guardsmen. What happened then is not definitely known. The stories which have not appeared in the *Gazette,* nor in the speeches of the indignation meeting, somehow conflict with those thus given publicity. This much is sure: Mr. Hanson did not stop, and when he did not stop a bullet pierced his eye and entered his brain. Since then he has lain between life and death. If he recovers he will be a hopeless invalid.—But before the incident was generally known, before there could be any investigation by federal authorities as to where the culpability belonged, the *Gazette* came out on May 7th with a rousing editorial against the federal officers in particular and all law enforcement officers in general. I am sending you a copy of that newspaper, the first news that thousands of readers in Niagara County had of the affair.—On May 15th an indignation meeting was held: in the State Armory. Three thousand got in; another thousand is said to have been turned away; probably thousands heard the speeches over the radio—the radio over which men like Frederick J. Libby have such a time to be heard! The program was cut and dried. It was a master stroke to have it a radio performance. Everything had to be done on time; there was no opportunity for remarks or protests from the floor; there was no general voicing of opinion. Not that many there would have availed themselves of any opportunity to differ with the sentiments expressed so fluently by their spokesmen. The audience was thrilled. Applause was plentiful—so was the applesauce. It was from beginning to end an emotional appeal, veiling but thinly criticism of the Federal Government in trying at all to enforce such a vicious law as the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution. One could scarcely blame them for resenting the curtailment of their liquor supply. How could the great lodges exist if they did not have something to pep up their trifling performances? But sometimes we had to rub our eyes to make sure we were listening to our honored citizens and not to some anarchistic communists. Talk of State's right, personal freedom, invasion of the rights of citizens by the United States Government! It would not take many meetings of that kind to bring about another Civil War with New York the first State to secede.—Mr. Rice was the last speaker and his sob-stuff brought the audience up to the proper pitch for the introduction of the Resolution. When an expression of approval was requested, the entire audience except two women arose. "Thank goodness, there are no Noes!" said the chairman. And the flow of booze was thereupon secured for Niagara Frontier for some time to come.

Where are the dry forces? Well, where are they? They must have been powerful once or the eighteenth amendment would not have been passed. But in this county at least they are woefully lacking in quick action when a crisis occurs. They are not routed, however. Quiet resolutions here and there are being sent to the Captain of the Coast guard commending him for refusing to turn over his guardsmen to the County jurisdiction. What chance would these men get of impartial justice in this community where public opinion has been so aroused? If they are guilty of lack of judgment, they will be tried in federal court.—One of the ministers is going to give the other side of the story next Sunday night. My own minister (Unitarian) is out of town now, but before going his indignation was all against those who patronize bootleggers and make the coast guard necessary.

Personally, I am opposed to the use of firearms on any occasion. If as much money were spent for education of the people of this country regarding the benefits of prohibition as is now spent to arm federal officers to enforce prohibition, those who violate the eighteenth amendment would be outcasts and classed with the drug addict and the white slaver.—However, as the law now stands, if the Elks Club is notoriously wet, and if the local secretary of the Elks had anything to do with providing that wetness to the local order, and if two coastguardsmen, in the discharge of their duty, while firing upon an automobile to make it stop, accidentally shot and injured or killed said local secretary, I say at least give those guardsmen a fair trial before arousing the whole countryside against an obviously good law which, if enforced, would make for a big step in civilization.

You may have other correspondents here on the spot, but because I do not know that, and because I feel sure you will want to learn as much as possible from an admirer of UNITY and one in absolute accord with your principles, I have written thus at length to you. If this is not of any value to you, no harm will be done by my having so written, I am sure.

HELEN B. ANTHONY.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

In Darkest Florida

Editor of UNITY:

About a year ago now, Dr. Lincoln McConnell, a Baptist minister of St. Petersburg was delivering a course of what were called prophetic lectures, on Sunday evenings, at the Florida Theater. They attracted excited audiences, which filled the house to overflowing. Probably 5,000 persons attended each lecture. Hundreds were turned away, while many stood or occupied seats on the steps leading to the balcony.

Dr. McConnell, in his lectures, explained that the Great Pyramid, of Egypt, was not built for a tomb, but to convey messages from God to our age of skepticism. This message, or these messages, are contained, Dr. McConnell explained, in the measurements of various parts of the Pyramid, all of which were explained in great detail. It was through an interpretation of these measurements that Dr. McConnell found prophecies, some already fulfilled, and others to be fulfilled in the future.

We were told that the Pyramid, properly understood, revealed exactly the number of years it took for the procession of the equinoxes to take place; that it revealed the distance from the earth to the sun; that it revealed the weight of the earth.

It was also found that these measurements foretold the exact date of the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, the length of time between that event and the birth of Jesus, his death and resurrection.

The measurements also revealed, Dr. McConnell contended, the length of time between the resurrection of Christ, and the outbreak of the World War, they revealed how long that war would last, and also that a second World War would break out on May 29th, 1928, and that it would last just twice as long as the first World War, or until September 15, 1936.

Many Florida people were profoundly impressed, and many excited by Dr. McConnell's interpretation of the Pyramid prophecies, and many saw in the recent disturbances in China, preliminary warnings that the prophecy was to be fulfilled.

All my prophecies run counter to those of Dr. McConnell, as I have seen Germany joining the League of Nations, as I noted the consummation of the Locarno Treaty and the growth of a sentiment for the outlawry of war among the people, and among the statesmen of all nations. As a basis for prophecy, in regard to international affairs, give me UNITY, or the International relations section of *The Nation,* in preference to the Great Pyramid every time.

CHESTER C. PLATT.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE POCONO MANOR PEACE CONFERENCE

On important problems facing those who are working for world peace. June 16-20, 1928. Under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers), 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia at Pocono Manor Inn, Pocono Manor, Pa., through the courtesy of the Pocono Manor Association.

An opportunity to spend four days in the Pocono Mountains in intellectual and spiritual fellowship with some of the outstanding peace leaders in America.

The Program

Subject: Important Problems Facing Those Who Are Working for World Peace.

Saturday, June 16

5:00 P. M.—Reception and Social Gathering.

7:30 P. M.—Address: "Analysis of the Peace Movement in America Since the War."

Sunday, June 17

Morning and afternoon—A period of worship and rest.

7:30 P. M.—Address: "The International Situation and World Peace." What are the difficulties in the way of World Peace from the International standpoint?

Monday, June 18

9-10:30 A. M.—Round Table discussion groups under designated leaders. It is expected that not more than twenty-five will be assigned to one group. The subject for the discussion in all groups will be the points brought out by the speaker of the previous evening.

11-12 Noon—Open Forum discussion, led by one or more of the leaders of the Round Table groups and closed by a summary from the speaker of the previous evening.

Afternoon—Recreation.

5-6 P. M.—Visiting Conferences with prominent leaders in the peace movement who will make themselves available to any who wish to come together to discuss peace work.

7:30 P. M.—Address: "Problems Facing Workers for Peace in the United States." The R. O. T. C., the C. M. T. C., the Big Navy, Blacklists, Super Patriotic Organizations, Military propaganda, etc.

Tuesday, June 19

9-10:30 A. M.—Round Table discussion groups under designated leaders. The subject for discussion in all groups will be the points brought out by the speaker of the previous evening.

11-12 Noon—Open Forum discussion led by one or more of the leaders of the Round Table groups and closed by a summary from the speaker of the previous evening.

Afternoon—Recreation.

5-6 P. M.—Visiting Conferences with prominent leaders in the peace movement who will make themselves available to any who wish to come together to discuss peace work.

7:30 P. M.—Address: "Criticisms of the Attitudes and Methods of Peace Workers." (Two thirty-minute addresses.) Why is it that the Peace Movement has not made greater progress? What are the strategic tasks confronting us?

Wednesday, June 20

9-10:30 A. M.—Round Table discussion groups under designated leaders. The subject for discussion in all groups will be the points brought out by the speaker of the previous evening.

11-12 Noon—Open Forum discussion, led by one or more of the leaders of the Round Table groups and closed by a summary from the speaker of the previous evening.

Afternoon—Recreation.

5-6 P. M.—Visiting Conferences with prominent leaders in the peace movement who will make themselves available to any who wish to come together to discuss peace work.

7:30 P. M.—Closing Session. Open Forum discussion on the future strategy of Peace Work in America. Short concluding addresses.

Leaders: Prominent historians, international lawyers, business men, leaders in education, religion, the peace movement and other fields are being invited to attend.

A complete list will be announced later.

Rates

The Pocono Manor Association has made special rates for those attending the Conference.

Two persons in a room—$6.00 per person. One person in a room—$7.00. (This includes room and meals.)

Reservations

Should be made either through Pocono Manor Inn, Pocono Manor, Pa., or The American Friends Service Committee, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We will be glad to learn whether or not you can be present.

HONOR ROLL OF STATES FREE FROM LYNCHING

Forty-one states were free from lynching during 1927, states the Roll of Honor prepared by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America through its Commission on the Church and Race Relations. The 16 lynchings which occurred last year took place in seven states. The number of victims was 14 less than in 1926, one less than in 1925, and the same number as in 1924.

The high mark of states free of the evil was reached last year. In 1926 there were 38 states without a lynching; in 1925 there were 38; in 1924 there were 38, and in 1923 there were 39.

Georgia and Florida for the first time since records have been kept now appears on the Roll of Honor. Connecticut has been added to the list of states that never had a lynching because recent investigations of the Commission on Race Relations indicate that the case in 1886 recorded as a lynching by the Chicago *Tribune*, the accepted authority for early records of the evil, was probably a suicide of a murderer hunted by a posse and not a lynching.

All except one of the seven states that had lynchings in 1927 have been on the Honor Roll at least for one year since 1922. Now only one state in the country has an unbroken yearly record of the crime of mob murder.

"The gain in territory free from mob murder is to be attributed, I believe, to the pressure of public opinion, which has been greatly stimulated by the white and Negro newspapers of the nation," said Dr. George E. Haynes, secretary of the Commission, which has headquarters at 105 East 22nd Street, New York City, in commenting on the Roll of Honor. "It is significant that ten of the sixteen lynchings last year occurred in two states in the Mississippi Valley," he said, adding: "The pressure of public opinion against mob violence should continue and increase until every person in America regardless of race or color is safe and secure in any state."

Speaking of the prevention of lynching Dr. Haynes said: "There were 42 instances in 1927, according to Prof. Monroe N. Work of Tuskegee Institute, in which officers of the law prevented lynchings, 8 of them in northern states and 34 in southern states. The Commission on Interracial Cooperation has designed and is awarding to officers of the law a medal for prevention of lynching.

Referred to the "Daughters"

Editor UNITY:

On Sunday, May 7th, at the Anthropological Society, Dr. Lychenheim read the editorial strictures in UNITY on the Daughters of the American Revolution and asked for comments from the audience.

I said it reminded me of a meeting I attended years ago of the Chicago Woman's Trade Union League. At that meeting a woman got up and made a long harangue about something that didn't amount to shucks and asked that the League give it serious attention.

Miss Mary McDowell got up and said: "I move you, Mrs. President, that the matter be referred to the Daughters of the American Revolution." Mrs. Raymond Robins, who was in the chair, said: "I think the motion should be carried unanimously—I once heard a story about an Angora kitten which spent so much time telling about her distinguished ancestry that she had no time to catch mice." The motion was put and carried with a whoop, and everybody roared.

GEORGE A. SCHILLING.

Five such medals were given to officers in Texas in 1926, and two were given in Florida, two in Louisiana and one in Kentucky in 1927. Virginia, through the leadership of Governor Byrd, has just enacted a law making lynching an offense to be prosecuted by the attorney general and other prosecutors designated by the governor in addition to local authorities."

The Roll of Honor of States Free from Lynching in 1927 classified by groups and by years follows:

States that have *never* had a record of a lynching:
Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont 5

Additional states that have no record of a lynching since 1885:
Maine and New Jersey..... 2

Additional states that have no record of a lynching during the past twenty years:
Delaware, Michigan, Nevada and Wisconsin 4

Additional states that have no record of a lynching during the past fifteen years:
Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Maryland, Pennsylvania, South Dakota.. 6

Additional states that have no record of a lynching during the past ten years:
Arizona, New York, North Dakoto, Montana and Oregon... 5

Additional states that have no record of a lynching during the past five years:
California, Colorado, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Carolina, Washington, West Virginia and Wyoming..... 9

Additional states that have no record of a lynching during the past two years:
Alabama, Oklahoma, Ohio, Illinois and Utah..... 5

Additional states that have no record of a lynching in 1927:
Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, Virginia and New Mexico.... 5

Total states free of lynching in 1927 41

Total states still have lynchings in 1927 7

Total number of lynchings in 1927 16

Federal Council of the Churches, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City, H. E. Worden.

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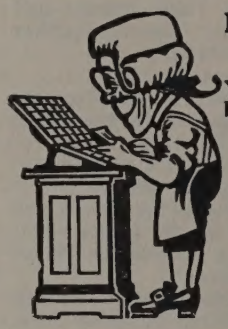

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And I hear far-off the mystic voice
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And I suddenly know that I
Am a part of the wonder scheme;
And that I am passing from sky to sky,
From dream to dream.

—*Edwin Markham.*

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